

Want Nothing But You Chapter 521

Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 521

Make A Choice (Part Six)

Rachel looked at him indifferently and remained silent as she waited for what he had to say.

Roger's eyes were trained on her face, fearing that he would miss the change in her expression.

"The investigation team received an anonymous tip-off. They suspect that Victor embezzled Sullivan Group's capital six years ago, and some of that money was used to purchase Bennet Group's shares. The reason I was so anxious just now is that I was worried that the investigation team would get you involved with the source of the money."

He then lowered his voice to a whisper that only Rachel could hear.

"Even though they didn't mention it, they must have obtained some key evidence. That explains why they suddenly came to the Bennet Group. They must be looking for further proof to the evidence they already have. If Victor can't come up with a reasonable explanation to counter it, the possibility of him being accused of abuse of power will be very high."

Rachel narrowed her eyes and listened quietly.

"Once he is convicted, not only will all his property and assets be confiscated, but he will also be sentenced to more than five years in prison."

Rachel was no stranger to that. She knew the weight that came with it better than anyone else.

Although four years had passed so quickly in this new life she had, the memory of the two years she had spent in the international prison before her rebirth was still fresh and unforgettable.

Even though her face didn't show it, she was stunned for a moment when she heard that Victor might be put in prison, thinking that maybe she had heard it wrong.

But soon, she smiled. It was a faint smile that was hard to catch.

Rachel felt it though and was confused by her emotions. She seemed to be happy when she heard the news, or else she wouldn't have smiled. Then, she suddenly felt suffocated as if she was strapped to an emotional roller coaster.

“Rachel...”

Seeing her smile in a daze, Roger called out her name worriedly.

“More than five years in prison.”

Rachel stopped smiling and looked up at him.

“Do you know exactly how many years it will be?”

Roger was surprised by her sudden shift.

“It’s too early in the case to determine that yet.”

“Oh, okay then.”

Rachel nodded nonchalantly.

“Rachel, by any chance, are you okay?”

She was just too calm, as if she had heard something irrelevant that wasn’t worth her time, which was completely different from what Roger had expected.

He was a little worried.

“Hmm? I’m fine. Why wouldn’t I be?”

“If you have something to say, you can say it. If maybe you are worried that the Bennet Group will be involved in this matter, or...if you want to know how Victor is doing, I can help you ask about it. Maybe the result will not be as bad.”

“Why?”

Rachel looked up from the file she was reading to his eyes.

“What?”

Roger was confused. He wasn’t sure what Rachel was referring to.

“Why do you think I want to know about what Victor is doing?”

“I’m just worried about you.”

“There are no ties that connect me with him. So whether he goes bankrupt or goes to jail does not concern me in the least. I’m not worried about the investigation team. As you said, they came to our company just to find more evidence that Victor might have

committed embezzlement and power mismanagement. Whether they find it or not has nothing to do with the Bennet Group.”

Rachel picked up the glass beside her and took a sip of water.

As she placed the glass down, she stared at the water blankly for a few seconds. With her back to Roger, he didn't notice the unusual change in her expression.

“There is only one thing I am worried about right now.” She looked away from the glass.

“We may have to postpone our departure from Apliaria. The investigation team hasn't gotten any result. As long as they stay in the Bennet Group, I should still be their main focus.”

If she left at a time like that, Rachel was afraid that it would only cause her trouble.

“They won't stay long. We'll just leave as soon as they are gone.”

Roger tried to comfort her.

“I guess there's no other way around it.”

The news that the investigation team had gone to the Bennet Group spread quickly.

Apliaria had already been bombarded by pieces of shocking news one after another, but now the storm seemed to be growing even larger.

In order to let the investigation team complete the work in a quiet environment, Rachel only let some necessary people remain to maintain the basic daily operation within the company, and the rest of the staff were all given three days off.

In half a day, the Bennet Group building was almost empty.

That night, near the early morning hours, only the meeting room on the thirteen floor was still lit up.

Davis closed a folder in his hands. His action was not forceful, but the sound was particularly harsh in that quiet meeting room where even a pin dropping could be heard.

The other people, who were originally staring at their computer screens, feeling sleepy, were shocked by this sound.

Kent also put down his pen, closed his eyes and rubbed his eyelids to relieve the pain that came from straining them.

When he opened his eyes again, he saw Davis stand up and leave the room.

“Where are you going?” he asked.

Davis put his phone into his pocket and looked back.

“I can’t stay here any longer. I need to go out for a walk. I think everyone is sleepy, so I’ll bring some drinks for you.”

After saying that, he glanced at the sleepy colleagues and said, “If you want anything specific to drink, text it to me. And only the drinks available in the convenience store! No milk tea or fruit tea available. Those shops are closed by now.”

The others all laughed and said in unison, “Bless you, Davis!”

Davis waved his hand and looked at Kent.

“What about you? What would you like to drink?”

Kent picked up the vacuum cup beside him.

“Nothing, thanks. I’m good with this.”

“You really like your vacuum cup, don’t you? You act like what people say on the Internet.” Davis thought for a while.

“Well, a veteran cadre!”

Not bothering to reply, Kent took a sip of water. Davis turned around and left the meeting room. He took the elevator downstairs and left the building.

As soon as he walked out of the building, he felt his phone buzzing in his pocket. He took out his phone and unlocked it.

A message from an unknown number popped up amidst all the other drink requests from his colleagues. He checked it and found a pin location shared with him, which was two or three hundred meters from the Bennet Group building. Davis deleted the message and continued walking in that direction.

At the same time, he opened the takeout app on his phone and ordered what his colleagues had requested.

About three minutes later, he looked up and saw a black car parked on the side of the road exactly where the pin on the map had been.

A man in all black stood beside it.

Davis muted the phone and placed it back into his pocket.

As soon as he approached, the man in black suddenly stopped him before he got any closer, and held out his hand.

Davis glanced at him for a while, before he realized what the man wanted. Hesitating for a moment, he took out his phone and handed it to the man.

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Make A Choice (Part Seven)

The guy in black examined the phone after seizing it. Before placing it in his pocket, he inspected it multiple times. Then, he turned around, proceeded to the car's rear door.

unlocked it, and stared at Davis. Davis moistened his lips and, after some hesitation, entered the vehicle.

The car's heat welcomed him as soon as he climbed in. He was instantly warmed.

"Have we not already agreed that we shouldn't meet?"

Davis scowled and fixed his gaze on the guy in the seat across from him.

After glancing at Davis, the guy turned his head and peered at the man sitting in the passenger seat of the car. The subordinate comprehended and tossed the prepared object towards Davis.

"Here you go." Davis grabbed it. It wasn't very large.

The thing was square in shape. He studied it in the dull yellow light of the automobile.

It was a little block, yet there was a minor bulge at the block's edge.

A USB connector sprang out as he squeezed the bulge.

"U disk?" Davis stared at the guy again, perplexed.

"Include its contents in your investigational materials. Don't worry, I'm here to help. I won't harm you. I can help you save time and go home early instead," the man said.

As Davis heard this, he got back his bearings.

"Is it connected to Victor?"

The guy responded with silence.

Davis decided to put it in his pocket rather than keep asking and getting no answers.

“You’re free to go now,” the guy remarked.

Davis was shocked.

The man’s statements made him a bit irate. It seemed like the guy was giving him orders, despite the fact that they were collaborating.

“Odin, with regard to my appraisal of the professional title next month...” Davis gazed at him.

“Not to worry. You’ll be the one to gain the honor. My plan is to allow you to occupy a position that you never think possible when this problem is resolved.”

Odin’s mysterious and deadly demeanor was enhanced by his cocked head.

Through his profound eyes, nobody could discern what he was thinking. His glare scared Davis. He gulped and said, “It’s nice to see how good your memory is. Before this is resolved, you should not meet with me. The worst-case scenario is that someone sees us.”

When the guy in the passenger seat heard it, he pulled a long face and scowled.

“MI. Sullivan has come to assist you in resolving this situation as quickly as possible. Make sure you’re not ungrateful.”

“What...”

“You still don’t appear to know your identity.” Odin smirked.

“We are not in a cooperative partnership.”

In a matter of seconds, Davis’ expression altered.

“My motives are purely selfless,” Odin said.

“You were not resigned to working under Kent. Coincidentally, the project of the Sullivan Group had a problem, but you had no idea what to do about it. I saw your plight and felt compassion for you, so I offered to assist you.”

What Odin stated entirely dissociated him from any collaboration. If everything went according to plan, there would be no worries.

Davis, on the other hand, would bear all the blame if anything went wrong and the subject was made public, which had nothing to do with Odin.

Davis opened his lips with the intent to contradict.

Odin spoke before he could respond.

“Talents are abundant in Apliaria. I’ve heard a number of people have just joined your bureau. Everyone wants to try it for himself.”

Davis couldn’t say anything.

“According to my sources, all of them have exceptional abilities.”

Odin curved his lips.

“Didn’t you and Kent both join the bureau at the same time? Well, he’s been promoted to second in charge. After this problem is resolved, I suppose he will become the bureau’s next director.”

“Don’t waste time with tangents.”

Davis wasn’t a dunce. He could see what Odin was trying to say, but he was too stubborn to let go of his pride.

“All I have is pure intentions. I’m just trying to help you out,” Odin said slowly.

“The individual I’m assisting today may be you or someone else. Almost each of us desires to be successful and renowned, so you’re not alone. Furthermore, it’s possible that those folks aren’t all that bad. It’s possible that they’ll surprise me more than you might.”

“What are you talking about?”

Odin extended his hand and assisted Davis in adjusting his collar.

“This means you need to be aware of your place. It’s my decision whether or not to meet you, not yours.”

After saying so, Odin used some force to yank Davis’ collar.

Davis’ collar was tight around his neck.

The slight discomfort made him understand that Odin was a horrible guy and that working with him was like asking a tiger for its skin.

For a split second, he was overcome with fear.

“Of course, if you are still unsatisfied, we may act as if we have never met. I’ll choose someone else for this task.”

Odin undid Davis’ collar, retrieved a moist tissue, and cleaned his hands.

Davis opened his mouth and stiffened his jaw. He attempted to say something, but was unable to do so.

Odin cocked his head and regarded him.

“What? Surely you don’t want to miss out on this chance, right?”

“I... I...”

Davis didn’t want to concede that Odin was correct, but he didn’t want to let it go either.

Things had finally reached this point. If he gave up now, his efforts would be in vain. He was forty years old and had been confined to a cramped office for a decade. He shared the office with the newcomers. He had witnessed the younger staff get promoted over the last decade.

In the event of a promotion, he eagerly awaited his name to be mentioned. His career did not advance, though.

Seeing some of his colleagues promoted was too much for Davis to handle. He was envious of everyone, no matter how old they were or how close they were to him.

Kent was the man he envied the most. He acted as if he didn’t care, but he was well aware that whenever they were together everyone’s attention would always be drawn to Kent. He was jealous.

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A Warrant (Part One)

Five minutes later, the car’s back door was pushed open from the inside.

When Davis stepped out, a gust of cold wind blew and made him shiver, so he wrapped his overcoat tightly around him.

Poker-faced, the man in black returned the phone to him.

The screen was on with an ongoing call from a strange number.

Above the number was a prompt box showing that it was from the food delivery guy. He quickly took the phone and held it to his ear, saying, "just put it down by the building gate."

"The gate? How about I take it upstairs? It's dark outside. Someone might take it."

The delivery guy sounded concerned.

"It's fine. Just leave it there," Davis replied while walking.

Although the delivery guy was still hesitant, he eventually complied.

"If you say so. But if it gets lost, don't complain about me. I'll set it down at the gate."

"Alright."

Davis hung up after settling things with the delivery guy. As he walked, another cold breeze blew over and caused him to sneeze.

Ten minutes later, Davis walked out of the elevator on the twelfth floor with a bag of drinks in his hand.

At that moment, he happened to run into Kent, who had just come out of the meeting room with his vacuum cup.

"Don't you ever leave your vacuum cup, Kent? I bought some pick-me-ups."

Davis raised the bag of drinks in his hand and lifted the frozen corners of his mouth.

"Come on. Let's go back inside and drink together."

Kent glanced at it, then shrugged.

"No, thanks. I don't like that stuff."

"Okay."

Since Davis knew him pretty well, he didn't persuade Kent anymore and just pushed the door open.

Inside the meeting room, everyone was yawning and trying to pinch themselves to wake up.

When they saw Davis, however, they started shouting like hungry wolves.

"Oh, good, you're back!"

“You got my coffee there, Davis?”

“I hope you brought me strong tea!”

Before Davis could even set the bag down, everyone had already come up to him.

Their sleepiness was swept away.

In their excitement, they swiftly took the bag from him and started to look for something to drink.

Davis then took a bottle of coffee, unscrewed the cap, and drank almost half of it.

When everyone got what they wanted, they all returned to their seats with satisfaction.

Davis also went back to his seat and turned on his laptop.

As he put aside the coffee, he glanced at them and remarked, “All right. Now that we’ve cheered up, get the job done so we can finally go home!”

“Well, that’s easy for you to say...”

Someone gestured to the densely packed data report.

“It’s been six years since the acquisition of shares. It’s difficult to find anything now, especially if they knew something was wrong and destroyed any evidence they might’ve had.”

After the sudden comment, Davis placed his hand over his pocket to discreetly touch the U disk.

“Just get to work,” Davis shouted as if cheering them on.

“Even if the paper is burnt, there will be ashes! We’ll still find something! Hurry up and get back to work.”

“Yes, sir!”

The pep talk raised everyone’s spirits; they patted their faces and started rummaging files again. They read through reports and project plans, and studied contracts word by word. They paid so much attention to every detail to make sure they wouldn’t miss anything.

When Kent came back, he saw a group of refreshed people. He remembered them looking completely different from just a while ago.

Meanwhile, Davis took the U disk from his pocket, plugged it into his laptop, and opened a folder that apparently only had two documents.

Kent passed by him and unintentionally glanced at his screen, but he didn't really see anything. The next day, online forums had gotten out of control.

It seemed that the news about the limit down of the Sullivan Group had gone viral, and everyone had been discussing what would happen to the company all night.

The stock market opened at nine o'clock in the morning. It had only been five minutes since it opened, yet the share price of the Sullivan Group had already dropped by fifty percent.

Another three minutes later, their stock prices showed signs of fluctuation—they would rise for about half a minute before they fell again.

The Sullivan Group's share price had already went down by seventy percent in ten minutes.

If it plummeted down to eighty percent, the company's stocks would get suspended again.

In the large conference room, several people had their eyes fixed on their computer screens while typing quickly on the keyboards.

The room was equipped with heating, which should help make them feel warm, yet they all looked grim as though the air had stopped flowing.

The air felt heavy and somehow cold.

The keyboard clicking went on and on. It was the only sound that filled the room.

At the front, there were two large screens—one was the countdown timer, and the other showed the Sullivan Group's stock market trend in real-time.

The fluctuations were apparent, and they moved every second "The stock trading has been suspended."

Wallace suddenly stopped what he was doing and broke the silence.

Seated in the front, he looked up at Ivan, who was standing near the two big screens with his back to them.

Of course, when everyone in the room heard Wallace, they came to a halt.

Apparently, around fifteen minutes since the stock market opened, the stock price of the Sullivan Group finally fell eighty percent, which triggered the market protection mechanism of the exchange.

Now, they were forced into a trading suspension. Once the company stocks got suspended six consecutive times, the Sullivan Group would compulsorily be delisted from the market.

If this happened, it would be the end for the Sullivan Group.

All the shareholders and tens of thousands of employees alike would take fright.

Ivan didn't respond the first time and was still in a daze, so Wallace got up from his chair and called him again.

"Ivan."

This time, Ivan regained his senses and composure.

With a serious face, he turned to Wallace and asked, "What's the current status? Were you able to trace the guy we're looking for?"

However, Wallace's expression became grim as he sighed and shook his head.

"Their IP addresses are mostly overseas and scattered all over the globe. They probably guessed that we would use the opening time to track their specific locations, so they have set up sturdy firewalls in advance," Wallace said.

"These firewalls are actually not high level programs and we didn't need much effort to crack them. The problem is that it took too much time... I'm sorry. We couldn't make it in time."

Wallace could only frown and look at the floor. Hearing this, Ivan glanced at the others and also saw their disappointed faces. They had been preparing for this moment since last night.

For the first fifteen minutes upon opening, they had been trying their best as if their lives depended on it.

"So, how much did they purchase this time?"

Ivan looked at the man sitting on the other side, who was the one in charge of the risk management and financing department.

"Zero point eight percent, sir. They have been trying to buy at the bottom. For a while, we have successfully taken a bit from them and disturbed their strategy."

Ivan crossed his arms.

“Add that to what they got before. How much do they have now?”

“Three percent.”

Although it was relatively a small portion of the total, it was enough to make everyone clench their jaw.

Clearly, this was bad news.

If this person held three percent of the shares of the Sullivan Group, he was qualified to enter the board of directors of the company.

All of a sudden, someone came running through the door with a flustered look.

He frantically looked for Ivan and uttered, “The police has issued a warrant for Mr. Sullivan.”

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A Warrant (Part Two)

Ivan's face turned grim.

“Say that again?”

Frightened by the look on Ivan's face, the man swallowed the lump in his throat.

“The police has issued a warrant for Mr. Sullivan and has taken him away.”

Everyone was shocked.

The day before yesterday, Victor wasn't allowed to see any visitors.

Even though he was nearly imprisoned, at the very least there was no official order of arrest and he was allowed to stay confined in the hospital. But within just one night, the police got involved.

The former situation meant that there was a chance that the Sullivan Group could lose their leader, while the latter meant that the police intervened and they would really be left without their leader.

There was still a difference between those.

With a worried look, Wallace asked, "Aren't they still conducting the investigation? Why did the police suddenly arrest him? Besides, Mr. Sullivan's injury is still not recovered."

"Even if they wanted to arrest him, they should've taken his condition into consideration. Things were doing okay yesterday. Why on earth would they arrest him today?"

"Did the investigation team find evidence in the Bennet Group?"

"It's only been one night!"

"What if Mr. Sullivan really did something when he purchased the Bennet Group's shares?"

Having heard what Wallace said, other people began to discuss among themselves. The once quiet meeting room became noisy.

Ivan glanced around the room and eventually locked his eyes on Wallace. To him, Wallace sounded like he was blaming the police.

But in truth, it was a clear reminder to everyone else.

Not only had Victor gotten injured, but he was also arrested.

If something were to happen to him, the Sullivan Group would be left without its leader.

Humans were born selfish.

Once the shit hit the fan, they would all stop worrying about their leader and just worry about themselves.

Wallace's words reminded them of that natural instinct.

They were all claiming that they were worried about Victor, but none of them could hide the fact that they were agitated and uncertain of what to do next.

"How many people know about it?"

Ivan turned to the employee who said that Victor had gotten arrested.

"At present, only..."

The man glanced at everyone present and didn't finish his sentence.

Even if he didn't say what it was, Ivan already knew.

This employee was the one responsible for answering calls in the CEO's office.

In order to buy as much time as possible for Wallace to locate the IP address of the other party who had purchased the shares of the Sullivan Group, Ivan had asked everyone to switch off their phone, including his own.

The man who was responsible for monitoring the situation in the hospital saw that Victor was being taken away by the police.

When he couldn't get through to Ivan, he decided to call the CEO's office.

Ivan nodded.

The others who were chattering stopped talking when they heard what the employee said.

"I'll discuss this matter with Mr. Scott. Guys, go back to work," Ivan commanded.

"Yes, sir," everyone said in unison.

Soon, the room was filled with rustling sounds. The door of the meeting room was opened, and someone was about to leave. But then, Ivan spoke up again.

"I'm sure you all know what you should and shouldn't say. You don't need me to remind you again, do you?"

His voice sent shivers down everyone's spine. They all nodded firmly.

"We didn't hear anything just now, sir! We'll keep our mouths shut!" Ivan didn't respond. He hinted at them with his eyes that they could leave now.

Everyone was relieved, and they didn't waste any time to leave the meeting room. The employee who came to report still remained standing there. He dared not leave the room, since Ivan hadn't told him to leave.

Thus, he stood in his place, staring at Ivan cautiously.

Noticing that the guy was still staring at him, Ivan said, "You can leave as well."

Beads of sweat were visible on the employee's temple. He nodded and left right away when he heard what Ivan said.

But the second he reached the door, he found that everyone who left the room was standing right outside.

Confused, he stared at the direction they were all looking at.

There was a man in a suit standing right in front of them.

He slowly took off his sunglasses and said, "Hello, everyone! Long time no see."

Just then, Ivan and Wallace walked out of the room and happened to meet the man's gaze.

"What? How is that possible?" someone whispered in an anxious voice.

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Captivation: Want Nothing But You Chapter 525

Board Meeting (Part One)

It was none other than Odin. Odin's eyes inadvertently swept across the person who had just exclaimed, but it was not longer than a moment. The corners of his mouth slightly curled up as his eyes darted at Ivan.

Odin's appearance stunned Ivan, but he was much calmer compared with the others who were shocked. Contrary to what he was expecting, everyone's expression disappointed Odin. He entertained the idea that they would pale at the sight of him, not because he was there but because he was back from the dead. However, surprise was there, but it didn't last long for his satisfaction.

The reason why they were calmer than Odin thought was because this stunt wasn't news anymore.

Three months ago, Rachel, who had been "dead" for four years, materialized in front of them. Seeing her then was like seeing a ghost. That trick had been used, so it was not that enthralling anymore. It was always the first time that would snatch away the audience's astonishment.

When Odin appeared, the shock they felt died down right after it struck them. After all, if Rachel could come to life four years after jumping into the sea and dying right in front of many people, the same could happen to Odin. He had only been dead for a few months, not to mention the news of his death was from abroad. They didn't personally see his corpse or other empirical evidence that could prove his death.

"Ivan, long time no see. What's wrong? Don't you recognize me?" Odin stepped forward and stood before Ivan. He threw Wallace, who was behind him, a glance and his eyes darkened imperceptibly. Ivan's jaw tightened. He greeted him in between gritted teeth, "Mr. Sullivan."

"We haven't seen each other for so many years. You haven't changed, I see."

With his hand tucked in his pocket, Odin added, "Your greeting is so stiff. You're becoming more and more like my dear brother."

His remark rendered Ivan speechless. Without waiting for Ivan's reply, Odin turned his head and looked at Wallace. With an arched brow, he asked, "Who is this?"

Ivan was about to introduce Wallace when the latter extended his hand and initiated, "Mr. Sullivan, I'm Wallace Finch, the director of the technology department."

"Wallace Finch." Odin called out his name thoughtfully, all while ignoring Wallace's stretched hand.

Wallace's hand hung in the air. His attempt for a handshake was disregarded and it was

enough to paint his face a pale shade of red. Ivan sent a side glance at Wallace. The latter reluctantly withdrew his hand and explained, "It's normal that you don't know me, Mr. Sullivan. I've just been in the Sullivan Group for about a month."

"Mr. Sullivan, your brother is not in the company. I'll ask someone to clean your office now, but I ask for your patience. Please wait for a while," Ivan said.

"He isn't in the company?" Odin had a pitiful look on his face.

"I wanted to share some good news with him. It's a pity that he's not here." A baffled expression swayed on Ivan's face as Odin talked.

With a smile, Odin said, "But it doesn't matter. He should be in prison and will know soon anyway."

For the second time since Odin emerged, Ivan was stunned. But he was not alone in that state of confusion, so did everyone else. In prison? Did Odin know that Victor was taken away? But he just got here. How could he possibly know? Better yet, what was Odin's motive for coming back at this time?

In just a few seconds, Odin's revelation spawned heaps of questions, and more inquiries were hatched as they looked at Odin. Inexplicably, they could all think of one thing: Odin's return was for something far beyond simple.

"Mr. Sullivan, your brother must be happy that you're back safe and sound. This is indeed good news!" Ivan was able to contain the shock that escaped him. When he spoke, he was calm.

"After all, after you had an accident, he exchanged his rest for several days in worrying about you." Odin narrowed his eyes and asked, "Really?"

Ivan gave him the vaguest answer: silence. Yet his eyes seemed to be asking in return, "What do you think?"

"I thought my brother would be delighted to know that I was dead," Odin commented jokingly, raising his eyebrows.

Over the years, the two of them had maintained a seemingly harmonious relationship. They were brothers, after all. However, it wasn't a secret that one of them was an illegitimate child secretly given birth to by a maid. To make things worse, their biological father didn't favor the by-blow.

No matter how harmonious the two behaved, the others always knew that they were destined to be enemies from the moment they were born. Even so, years went by and Victor and Odin didn't show any signs of treading down the path of what the others prophesied to happen, so the outsiders only dared to discuss it secretly.

Hearing Odin say that seemingly meant joke tore apart the hypocritical mask he had been wearing about their brotherhood. Even if it sounded like a joke, any listener would assume differently of what he said. Ivan could barely maintain his calm expression; he was on the verge of frowning. A thick tension overrun everyone and it rattled their nerves.

Some people even began to regret not leaving earlier. They might have returned to their own office, drowning themselves in work and not having to stand here and listening to the awkward conversation

"Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Chavez, well... I have a few important emails to tend to, so I have to go back to work. Excuse me." After a moment of silence, someone finally couldn't help but speak. Ivan nodded.

"Thank you all for your hard work today. You can go."

When the others heard this, they hurriedly pivoted and were about to leave, but before they could take a step, the two men in black behind Odin scurried and stopped everyone from vacating the place.

Ivan's face darkened.

"Mr. Sullivan," he cautioned.

"Are you really going to work?" Ignoring Ivan, Odin turned around and his eyes flicked from face to face, scanning everyone. Everyone kept silent, trying hard to avoid meeting Odin's eyes. They just wanted to escape this place.

“Mr. Sullivan, don’t worry. Although your brother is not in the company, we’re tied to our oath to be diligent with our work, and we will do better than when he was in the company. Rest assured that we won’t slack off!”

“I apologize. I shouldn’t have doubted your dedication,” Odin returned with a ghost of a smile. Beads of sweat started to glimmer on the forehead of the man who just spoke, and he swallowed.

“The Sullivan Group is lucky to have talents like you.” Odin made his tone sound casual, hiding away the threat with a faint grin.

“But work can wait. Why don’t you stay and listen to the good news I brought?” Looking at the men in black with cold faces, they didn’t think Odin’s words were a question; it was an order.

Everyone’s eyes fell on Ivan, seeking help from the dilemma they didn’t want to be in. Ivan couldn’t figure out what was in Odin’s mind. A frown crippled the serenity he was sporting as he stood his ground against Odin. He was still thinking about the sudden disclosure about Victor’s detainment. Odin turned around and said, “Ivan, I don’t think it’s too much to keep you a moment. Am I right?”

“Mr. Sullivan, don’t say that. I’m just an employee of the Sullivan Group. I should do what the leader asks me to do.”

“Then please go back to the meeting room.”

Although Ivan was livid about receiving orders from him, he kept his lips tightly shut, and Odin was pleased to see that. A group of more than a dozen people returned to the meeting room in confusion. They just came out five minutes ago. What else should they discuss? Walking at the back of the line, Ivan took out his phone and called Carson.

The phone kept ringing, but two minutes passed and all he could hear was a beeping sound. The frown on his forehead creased more. As soon as he raised his head, he caught sight of Odin’s meaningful smile.

Ivan put away his phone, walked into the meeting room and sat down. The announcement Odin was going to make should be the answer to all of his perplexity.

“The first good news is that I will hold a board meeting in this same room in a week.”